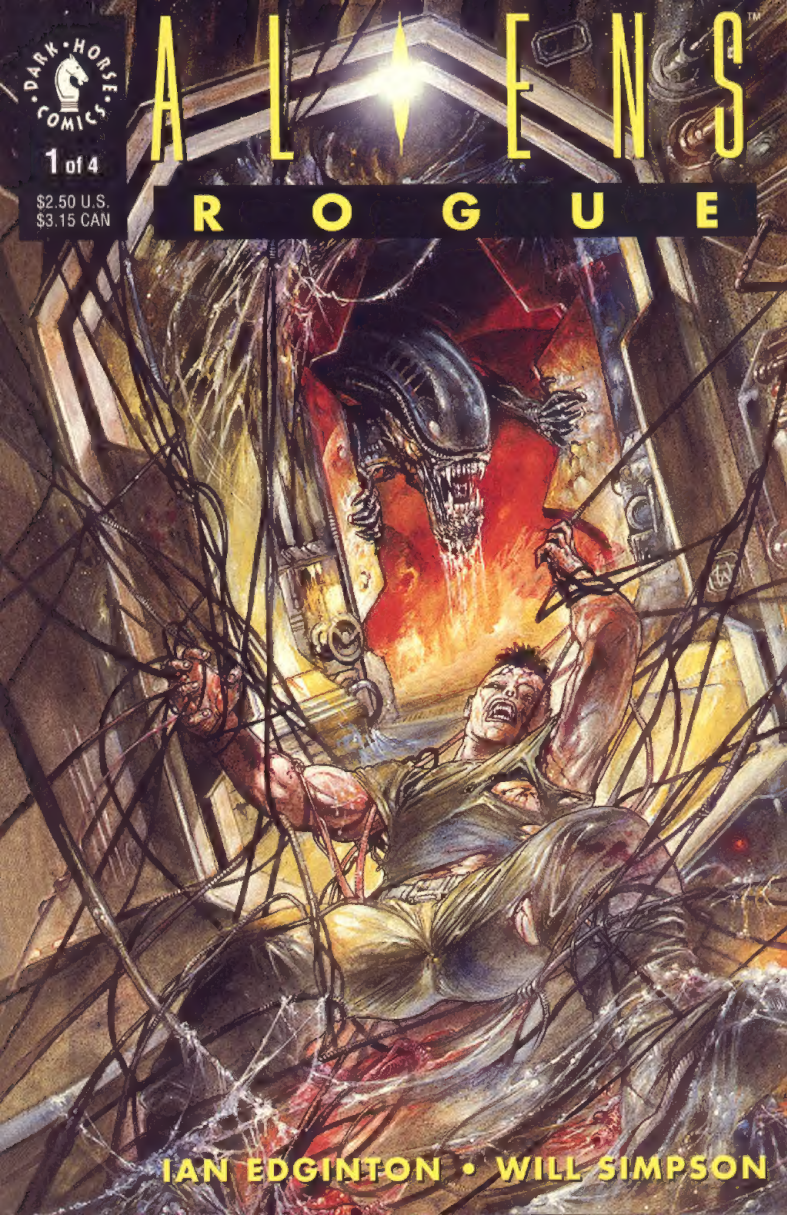
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ROGUE
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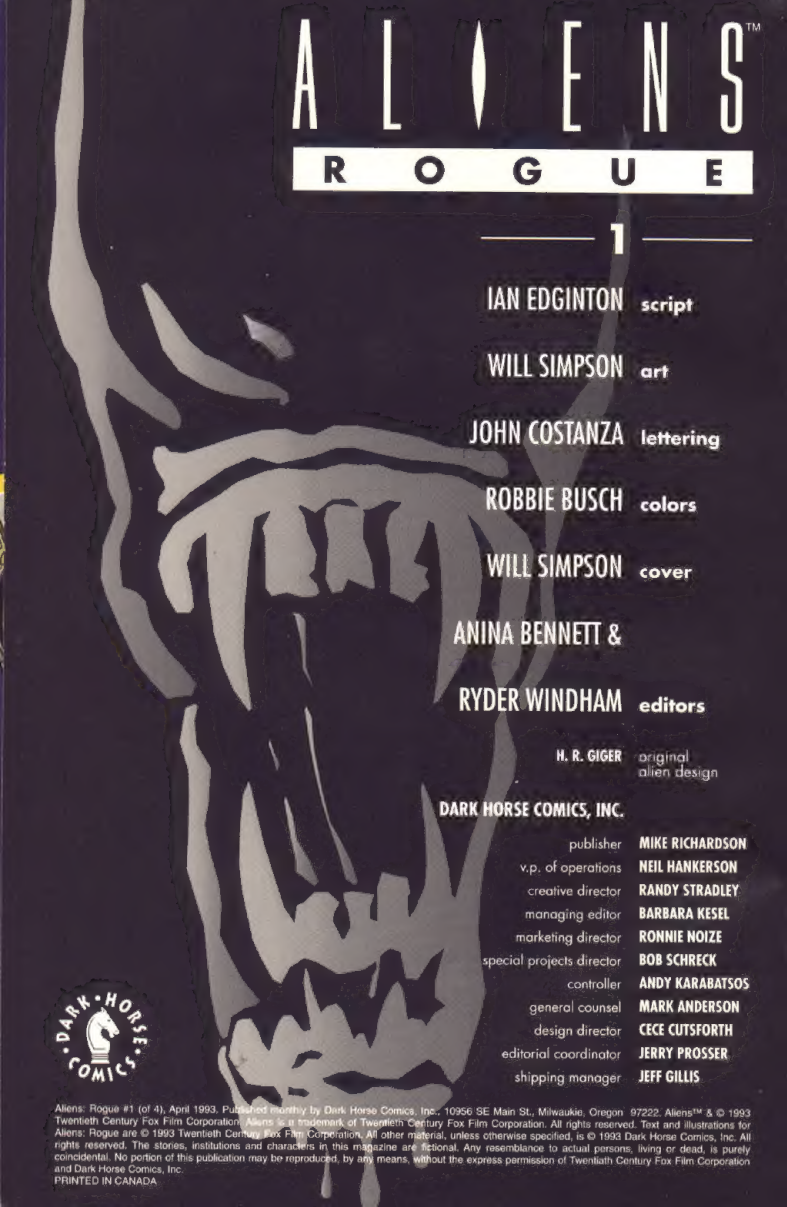

ALIENS™

ROGUE

1

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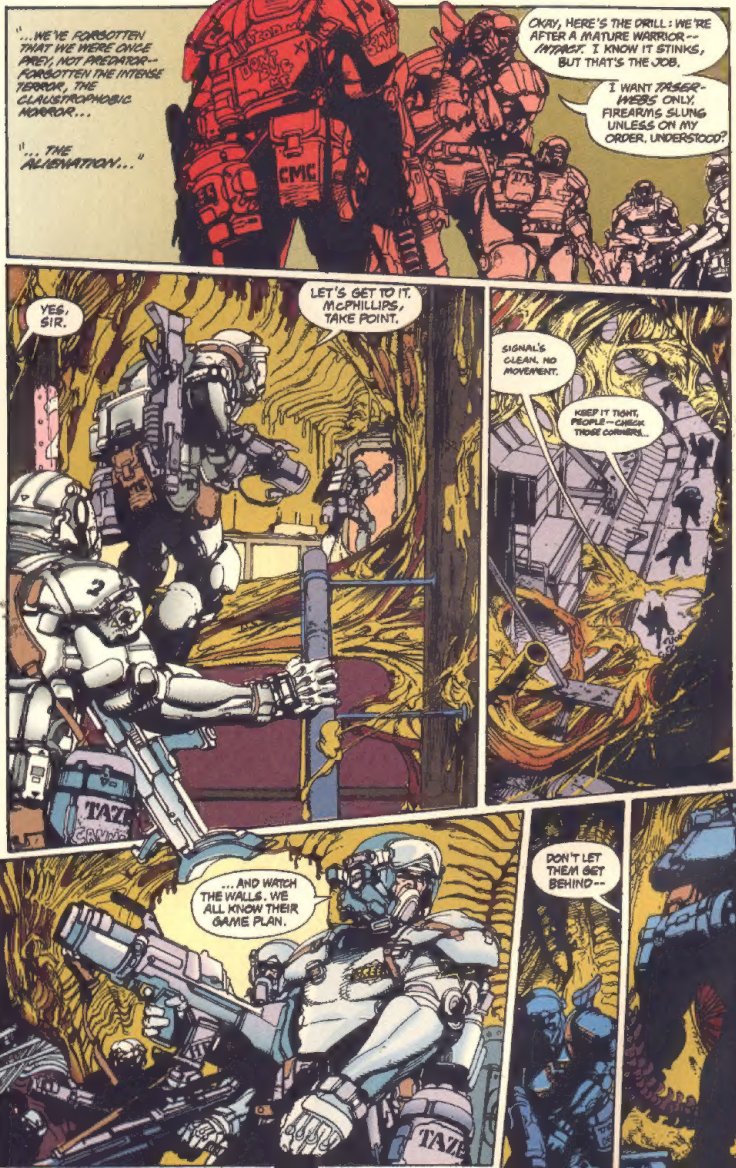
"AS MUCH AS WE HAVE COME TO FEAR THE ALIEN, IT CANNOT BE DENIED THAT IT HAS HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON OUR CULTURE.
"TECHNOLOGIES DESIGNED TO COMBAT IT HAVE BECOME ASSIMILATED SEAMLESSLY INTO THE MOST DOMESTIC OF OUR ENVIRONMENTS.
"DRUGS PROCESSED FROM THE ALIEN MATRIARCH'S ROYAL "JELLY" ARE NOW AVAILABLE COMMERCIALLY.
"NEW ECONOMIES BUILT ON THE BACK OF A CREATURE THAT USED US AS BREEDING STOCK."
"IT'S A UNIQUE INDICTMENT OF THE HUMAN CONDITION -- WE DON'T JUST CONQUER OUR FEARS, WE MARKET THEM.
"BUT IN DOING SO WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF SOMETHING..."


"...WE'VE FORGOTTEN THAT WE WERE ONCE PREY; NOT PREDATOR--FORGOTTEN THE INTENSE TERROR, THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC HORROR...
"... THE ALIENATION..."
OKAY, HERE'S THE DRILL: WE'RE AFTER A MATURE WARRIOR--I'M LAST. I KNOW IT STINKS, BUT THAT'S THE JOB.
I WANT TASER-WEBS ONLY. FIREARMS SLUNG UNLESS ON MY ORDER, UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR.
LET'S GET TO IT. McPHILLIPS, TAKE POINT.
SIGNAL'S CLEAN. NO MOVEMENT.
KEEP IT TIGHT, PEOPLE--CHECK THOSE CORNERS...
... AND WATCH THE WALLS. WE ALL KNOW THEIR GAME PLAN.
DON'T LET THEM GET BEHIND--

YEEARGH!!
BOOWE! CUT IT LOOSE, MAN! CUT IT!
JUST ...JUST N-N--
CHUK
BASTAARRD!!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, GODDAMMIT!
YOU DROPPED US IN SOME PRETTY SHIT NOW, SON.
BUT YOU SAW--
OH, MAN! I GOT SIGNALS, I GOT READINGS ALL OVER!
CLICKCLICKCLICKCLICKCLK

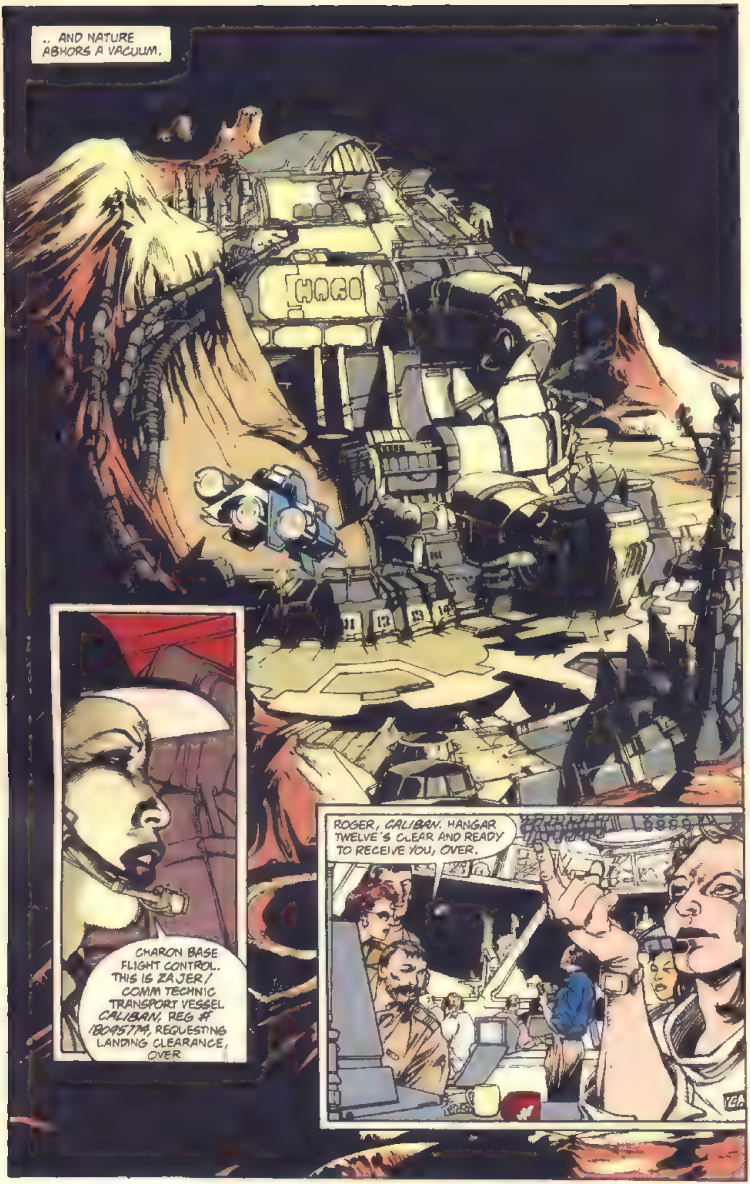
"WE JUST GAVE 'EM AN ALARM CALL...
HSSSSSSS...
"...AND NOW THEY'RE COMIN' DOWN TO BREAKFAST."
COMBAT SPACING FRONT AND REAR! HUSTLE! HUSTLE! DILLON--THE CANNON?
PREPPED AND READY, SIR. MAX FREQUENCY, WIDE FIELD FOCUS.
STAND BY, TASER WEBS...
"...'CAUSE HERE THEY COME! DILLON, FIRE ON MY MARK.
NOW!
HHHSSSSSS
THE GUN STIRS LIGHTLY IN HIS HANDS--NO SOUND, NO FIREFLASH, NO RECOIL. JUST A FAINT SHIMMER IN THE AIR...

BEATS ME HOW THIS BABY WORKS, BUT IT GETS 'EM EVERY TIME.
THAT ONE. BRING IT DOWN.
SSKREEAA!
DOOM
GRAB IT AND LET'S GO.
ZZZZTT
I HATE THIS PART.
MALFUNCTION? CHRIST, NOT AGAIN!
PICK IT UP, YOU GUYS-- ANOTHER THIRTY AN' THIS THING'S GOING CRITICAL!
EEP EEP EEP EEP
DOUBLE TIME, MEN. MOVE! MOVE!
SECONDS EXPAND, DISTORTED INTO SLOW, HEAVY MOMENTS.
AGONIZING.
UNENDING.

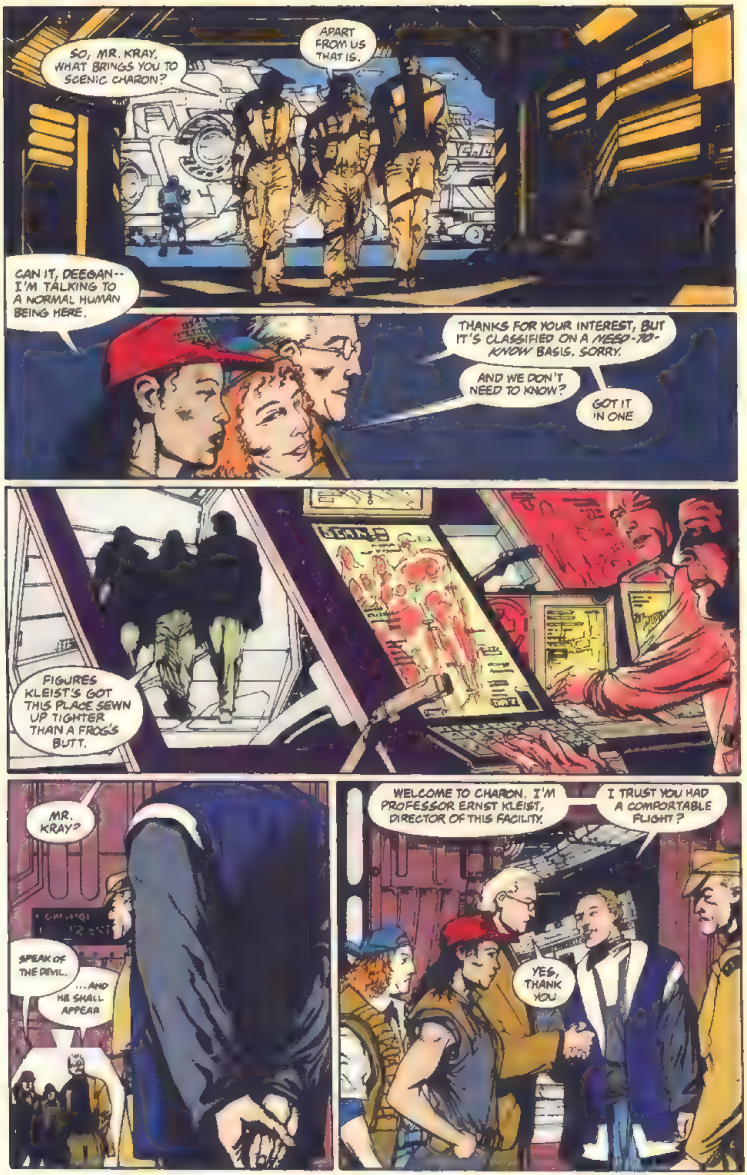
BUT NEVER ENOUGH.
GOTTA SHUT IT OFF OR SHE'LL BLOW!
CRITICAL POWER OVERLOAD 22:09 SEC.
SERGEANT REUBEN GREEN IS A THIRTY-YEAR MAN, LIKE HIS FATHER AND HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM.
A BLOODLINE OF WARRIORS BRED ON CONFLICT AND GLORY, HONOR AND SACRIFICE.
AN ANCIENT PROFESSION.
TIMES CHANGE.
COMPANIES REPLACE COUNTRIES.
THE FLAG GIVES WAY TO A DOLLAR BILL.
AN AGE-OLD PROFESSION IS SWEPT ASIDE...
...BY THE SHOCK OF THE NEW.

CONGRATULATIONS, SERGEANT--HE LOOKS LIKE A FINE SPECIMEN. I'M DISTRESSED THAT YOU SLAUGHTERED THE OTHER ONE, HOWEVER.
HE'S DISTRESSED!!
SIR, I CAN EXPLAIN--
KLEIST, YOU SONOVABITCH! BOONE GETS TURNED INTO BEEF JERKY, AND YOU'RE PISSED 'CAUSE WE WASTED ONE OF YOUR PRECIOUS BUGS!
WE COULD'VE ALL DIED IN THAT FRIGGIN' ANT FARM OF YOURS!
MAN, YOU AIN'T PLAYIN' WITH A FULL DECK!
SERGEANT GREEN, I CAN APPRECIATE THE CORPORAL'S ANXIETY, BUT I SUGGEST HE RESTRAIN HIMSELF BEFORE HE SAYS SOMETHING HE'LL REGRET.
TAKE THE SPECIMEN TO THE DISSECTION VAT. I'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY.
YES, SIR.
JESUS! KISS HIS ASS, WHY DON'T YOU?!
DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND REIGN IT IN, SON.
THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING. BESIDES, THOSE BUGS AIN'T THE ONLY THING YOU GOTTA BE WARY OF 'ROUND HERE.
HOW TRUE, SERGEANT. HOW TRUE.

SPACE--THE FORGE OF CREATION, THE LATHE OF HEAVEN.
THERE ARE A THOUSAND WAYS TO DIE OUT HERE. A THOUSAND WAYS TO LET THE HUNGRY VACUUM TEAR AWAY YOUR LIFE.
YET WE CONTINUE TO HURL OURSELVES INTO THE VOID. WRAPPED IN SHELLS OF PLASTIC AND METAL, WE CHALLENGE THE PREDATORY EMPTINESS WITH OUR MERE EXISTENCE.
WITH INTELLECT AND ARROGANCE WE CONFRONT THE DARKNESS. AFTER ALL, WE ARE NATURE'S CHILDREN...


.. AND NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM.
CHARON BASE FLIGHT CONTROL. THIS IS ZAJER, COMM TECHNIC TRANSPORT VESSEL CALIBAN, REG # 1B09577M, REQUESTING LANDING CLEARANCE, OVER
ROGER, CALIBAN. HANGAR TWELVE'S CLEAR AND READY TO RECEIVE YOU, OVER.

WE'RE IN THE TUBE, NOMINAL TO PROFILE. CUTTING THRUSTERS.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S TUCK HER IN. AND DEEGAN...
YES, BOSS?
WATCH THOSE CLANGERS THIS TIME, HUH?
HEY, TRUST ME! IT'S A WALK IN THE PARK.
DEEGAN, WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE SOMEONE TAKE EIGHTY THOUSAND UGLY TONS OF METAL FOR A STROLL?
HANGAR TWELVE DECOMPRESSING. ALL CREW AND PASSENGERS, PLEASE REPORT TO DECONTAMINATION.

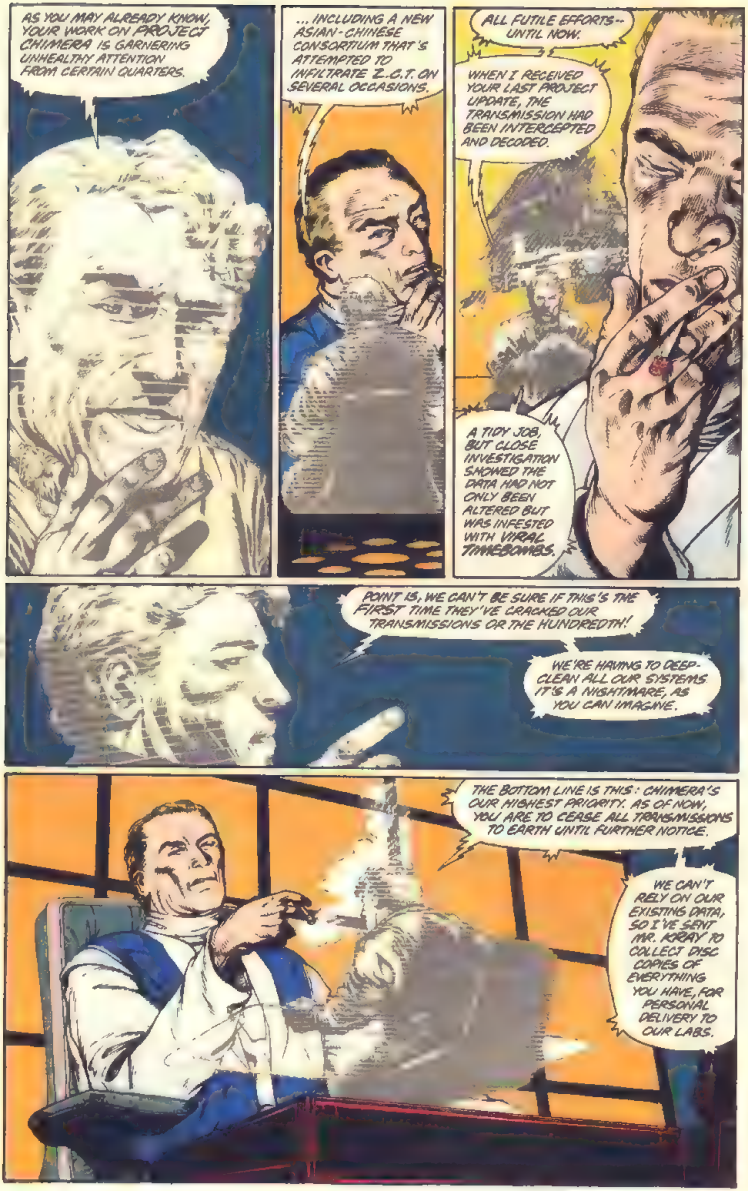

SO, MR. KRAY, WHAT BRINGS YOU TO SCENIC CHARON?
APART FROM US THAT IS.
CAN IT, DEEGAN-- I'M TALKING TO A NORMAL HUMAN BEING HERE.
THANKS FOR YOUR INTEREST, BUT IT'S CLASSIFIED ON A NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS. SORRY.
AND WE DON'T NEED TO KNOW?
GOT IT IN ONE
FIGURES KLEIST'S GOT THIS PLACE SEWN UP TIGHTER THAN A FROGS BUTT.
MR. KRAY?
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.
...AND HE SHALL APPEAR
WELCOME TO CHARON. I'M PROFESSOR ERNST KLEIST, DIRECTOR OF THIS FACILITY.
I TRUST YOU HAD A COMFORTABLE FLIGHT?
YES, THANK YOU

IT WAS MOST... ENLIGHTENING
YOU WILL HAVE TO EXCUSE SOME OF OUR PILOTS. THEY CAN BE A LITTLE INDIVIDUALISTIC AND UNRULY.
I ENDEAVOR TO KEEP THEM IN LINE.
HMMM.. NICE ASS.
WHO? KLEIST OR THE SUIT?
NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS.
HAVE YOU GOT THE HOTS FOR HIM? HAVE YOU?
DON'T PUSH THIS ONE, DEEGAN --YOU'LL LOSE.
HA! YOU HAVE! YOU DO HAVE A HEART AFTER ALL, UNDER ALL THAT ICE AND GRANITE
YEAH, BLOODY AND DRIPPING. BELONGED TO MY LAST WISE-ASS CO-PILOT
HA HA HAW!
LAUGH IT UP, KID. I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S GOTTA STRIP AND GREASE THE LOADER NEXT SHIFT.
YOU'RE ALL HEART, BOSS!

NOT MUCH TO SHOW FOR A LIFE ONE MAN'S MEMORIES--ANOTHER MAN'S TRASH.
FACES, NAMES, NUMBERS ALL H S BOYS.
THE CORPS TAKES EVERYTH NG YOU'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
BUT NEVER IN VAIN, SO LONG AS SOMEONE REMEMBERS
SOMEONE TO KEEP THE FLAME BURNING BR GHT.
CHOI! GIVE IT UP!
SCREW YOU!

YOU THINK BOONE WAS A WUSS? SAY IT TO MY FACE!
YOU SCI-TECH MAGGOTS AIN'T FIT TO LICK HIS BOOTS
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
THE PROFESSOR WANTS US TO GIVE THIS INSUBORDINATE GRUNT THE TREATMENT, BUT WE CAN'T GET NEAR HIM. FIGHTS LIKE A MAD DOG!
I GOT JUST THE THING FOR MAD DOGS.
AW, C'MON-- GET REAL!
TAG HIM.
K-K-K-K'ILLYUYU)YOU.
DREAM ON, DOG BOY. I'M THE LEAST OF YOUR PROBLEMS! WHEN YOU SEE WHAT COMES NEXT, YOU'LL BE BEGGING ME TO SAVE YOUR FILTHY HIDE.
NYYYAAHH!!

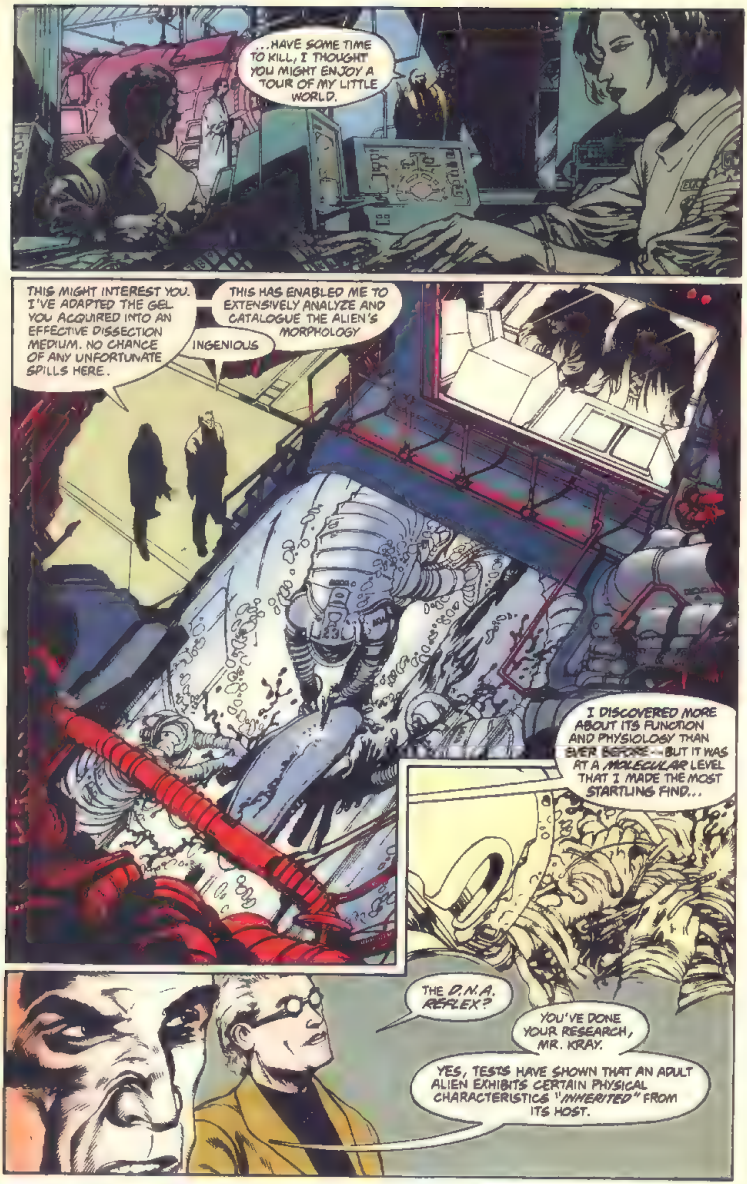
EYES ONLY:
PROFESSOR E. KLEIST
FROM G. DE SOUZA:
CONTROLLER—
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT
HELLO, ERNST. HOW ARE YOU KEEPING? I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL OF THE CLOAK-AND-DAGGER BUSINESS, BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING OF A SITUATION HERE AND I FELT YOU SHOULD BE BROUGHT UP TO SPEED ON CURRENT EVENTS.


AS YOU MAY ALREADY KNOW, YOUR WORK ON PROJECT CHIMERA IS GARNERING UNHEALTHY ATTENTION FROM CERTAIN QUARTERS.
...INCLUDING A NEW ASIAN-CHINESE CONSORTIUM THAT'S ATTEMPTED TO INFILTRATE Z.C.T. ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.
ALL FUTILE EFFORTS--UNTIL NOW.
WHEN I RECEIVED YOUR LAST PROJECT UPDATE, THE TRANSMISSION HAD BEEN INTERCEPTED AND DECODED.
A TIDY JOB. BUT CLOSE INVESTIGATION SHOWED THE DATA HAD NOT ONLY BEEN ALTERED BUT WAS INFESTED WITH VIRAL TIMEBOMBS.
POINT IS, WE CAN'T BE SURE IF THIS'S THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE CRACKED OUR TRANSMISSIONS OR THE HUNDREDTH!
WE'RE HAVING TO DEEP-CLEAN ALL OUR SYSTEMS. IT'S A NIGHTMARE, AS YOU CAN IMAGINE.
THE BOTTOM LINE IS THIS: CHIMERA'S OUR HIGHEST PRIORITY. AS OF NOW, YOU ARE TO CEASE ALL TRANSMISSIONS TO EARTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
WE CAN'T RELY ON OUR EXISTING DATA, SO I'VE SENT MR. KORAY TO COLLECT DISC COPIES OF EVERYTHING YOU HAVE, FOR PERSONAL DELIVERY TO OUR LABS.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--BUT RELAX, HE'S THE BEST OPERATIVE WE'VE GOT.
YOU HAVE HIM TO THANK FOR THAT GEL THAT REDUCES ALIEN BLOOD TO THE pH OF WATER. TOOK IT RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER THE GRANT CORPORATION'S NOSE.
HE ALSO SCORED US THE SPECS FOR THOSE TASER-WEB LAUNCHERS. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE I'D TRUST ON THIS MISSION.
WHAT CONCERNS ME MOST IS HOW THEY UNSCRAMBLED THE SIGNAL. THEY DIDN'T HACK THE CODES, THEY JUST WALKED RIGHT IN.
NOW INTERNATIONAL SECURITY'S ON THE CASE, AND EVERYONE'S SCARED OF THEIR OWN SHADOW.
IT'S GOING TO BE A BAD TIME, ERNST. I ENVY YOU OUT THERE ON YOUR ISLAND. WE COULD ALL DO WITH A LITTLE PEACE AND SECURITY RIGHT NOW.
INDEED.
MESSAGE ENDS

WAKE UP, SOLDIER BOY. END OF THE LINE.
UUHHH...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
KER-CHAK!
YOU'VE PUSHED YOUR LUCK TOO FAR THIS TIME. IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND. YOU MARINES NEED TO BE SLAPPED DOWN-- HARD.
DOG'S GOT TO KNOW ITS PLACE, RIGHT?
EEEYYAHH!
ONLY IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU.
Y-YOU GUN-GUN-BASTARD..
GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT, TOUGH GUY.
YOU WERE A DEAD MAN THE MINUTE YOU SMEARED THAT DAMN BUG.
THE PROFESSOR DOESN'T LIKE HIS PETS BEING HURT. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.
N-NRAGH!

I'D LOVE TO MAKE THIS CLEAN FOR YOU, BUT IT'S NOT WORTH MY LIFE. CROSSING THE PROFESSOR IS NEVER A WISE MOVE.
PITY YOU HAD TO FIND OUT THE HARD WAY.
MAYBE IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL BLEED TO DEATH BEFORE IMPLANTATION.
N-NO!
"LIKE I SAID..."
NAWWWPHH!!
"...IF YOU'RE LUCKY."


...HAVE SOME TIME TO KILL, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ENJOY A TOUR OF MY LITTLE WORLD.
THIS MIGHT INTEREST YOU. I'VE ADAPTED THE GEL YOU ACQUIRED INTO AN EFFECTIVE DISSECTION MEDIUM. NO CHANCE OF ANY UNFORTUNATE SPILLS HERE.
INGENIOUS
THIS HAS ENABLED ME TO EXTENSIVELY ANALYZE AND CATALOGUE THE ALIEN'S MORPHOLOGY
I DISCOVERED MORE ABOUT ITS FUNCTION AND PHYSIOLOGY THAN EVER BEFORE -- BUT IT WAS AT A MOLECULAR LEVEL THAT I MADE THE MOST STARTLING FIND...
THE D.N.A. REFLEX?
YOU'VE DONE YOUR RESEARCH, MR. KRAY.
YES, TESTS HAVE SHOWN THAT AN ADULT ALIEN EXHIBITS CERTAIN PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS "INHERITED" FROM ITS HOST.

I GREW A SET OF "DUMMIES"-- CLONED BODY TISSUE DESIGNED TO MIMIC LIVING MATTER -- FOR IMPLANTATION AND GESTATION.
THE ALIEN HAS INSPIRED MANY NEW COMMODITIES...
...BUT WHAT IF THE CREATURE ITSELF COULD BE ADAPTED -- BIOENGINEERED TO BECOME MAN'S TOOL INSTEAD OF HIS ADVERSARY?
CONSUMER BIOLOGICALS?
EXACTLY! BUT WITH THEIR INNATE HOSTILITY REMOVED BY SPLICING THEIR D.N.A. WITH THAT OF MORE PASSIVE, LESS PREDATORY CREATURES.
RESTRICTED
I EXCLUDED ALL THE MAJOR CARNIVORES AND PRIMATES. THE BEST TEST RESULTS WERE WITH DOMESTICS: SHEEP, LAMAS, SOME CATTLE.
OF COURSE, THERE WERE A FEW SETBACKS.

I BELIEVE THERE IS AN ADAGE ABOUT OMELETTES AND BREAKING EGGS.
ALL PROGRESS HAS ITS PRICE, eh?
A NECESSARY ATTITUDE, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE. LOGIC AND TRUTH LEAVE LITTLE ROOM FOR MORAL POSTURING.
EVENTUALLY THE SUCCESSES STARTED TO OUTNUMBER THE FAILURES, AND I BEGAN TO OBTAIN A CROP OF VIABLE TEST RESULTS.
HOWEVER, I'VE YET TO BE ABLE TO PRODUCE THE EQUIVALENT QUEEN.
ROYAL JELLY ALONE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH. IT'S PROVING TO BE A TAXING PROBLEM IN THE EXTREME.
WE'RE GOING IN THERE?
IT'S GOOD TO RESPECT YOUR FEAR, BUT DON'T LET IT RULE YOU. ANY GOOD SOLDIER SHOULD KNOW THAT!

STAY CLOSE TO ME. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, MAKE NO SUDDEN NOISES OR MOVEMENT.
DON'T WORRY!
AN INTERESTING DEVICE, THIS-- I STUMBLED ACROSS ITS POTENTIAL QUITE BY ACCIDENT. IT SOMEHOW DISRUPTS THE IMPULSES OF WHAT PASSES FOR THEIR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEMS.
I'VE DEVISED A LARGER VERSION THAT'S USED IN SECURING WILD SPECIMENS FOR STUDY.
THIS ONE IS MORE LIKE A KIND OF DOG WHISTLE.
OVER THERE!
SSSHH. KEEP CALM.
THEY'RE COMING.
COME ON. DON'T BE SCARED. IT'S ONLY ME...

COME TO DADDY.
THERE'S MY GOOD CHILDREN...